

# Prison Is Private Property

Rocky Votolato

The have nots have had enough and now they're out to kill the king  
Of what looks to be an evil empire where short-term earnings mean everything  
There's a pressure to deliver here, your gonna get hurt if you don't play this game  
Nobody will ever know, just the CEO to the CFO  
If you can work some magic, we can double our paychecks, so make the numbers look right  
Wall street is a ruthless mistress with a quick and painful judgment  
Temptation is in deep now, threads of greed run through this fabric  
Weaving tapestries over your eyes to prepare the landscapes for disaster  
Anthrax or a plane crash, biochemical, or even nuclear attacks  
Integrity is too damn expensive, discount the price but still  
Nobody's buying so come up with the money boys or you'll be choking on a barrel  
And it just might be your own finger squeezing on the trigger  
Call in the reinforcements you're working hard on a life of your own  
Three square meals and a place to call home  
The American dream can be found here if you keep your mouth closed  
But the teeth you keep clenched is what's killing the chance  
Your mouth is watering as you imagine  
Swallowing each new possession  
It's building a prison you'll think there's a place where you made it  
You searched for this your whole life  
New answers will satisfy but then you realize it's never enough  
That's the slickest marketing I've ever seen - a spiraling trap  
With enough ambition and a firm set of rules you can have anything you want  
You can walk right out into the world and capture and kill god  
In a little box or a little book to be understood  
But no one can argue with the good sense and strength of a solid foundation  
Or with the weakness born when corruption is the rule and not the exception  
I'm trying hard to forget everything I thought I knew  
You've climbed much too high to let the truth stop you now  
Or to concern yourself with the investments of  
Lesser honest men  
The ladder's been brutal but the payoff is just around the corner  
Call in the reinforcements you're working hard on a life of your own  
Three square meals and a place to call home  
But you keep getting lost each time you walk out your front door  
Me I've got a family I know real well what it means  
To make sure there's enough food on the table each day  
But I'd rather starve than be a whore for an empty living

Songwriters

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